# CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS:

## THE MOST

# TRAGICAL TRAGEDY,

That ever was Tragedized by any Company of TRAGEDIANS.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

by H. Carey

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MDCCLXX.

# PROLOGUE.

*TO Night our Comic* Muse *the Buskin wears,*
*And gives herself no small Romantic Airs;*
*Struts in Heroics, and in pompous Verse*
*Does the minuteſt Incidents rehearſe;*
*In Ridicule's ſtrict Retroſpect diſplays*
*The Poetaſters of theſe modern Days;*
*Who with big bellowing Bombaſt rend our Ears,*
*Which, ſtript of Sound, quite void of Senſe appears;*
*Or elſe their Fiddle-Faddle Numbers flow,*
*Serenely dull, elaborately low:*
*Either Extreme when vain Pretenders take,*
*The Actor ſuffers for the Author's Sake:*
*The quite-tir'd Audience loſe whole Hours; yet pay*
*To go un-pleas'd and un-improv'd away.*
*This being our Scheme, we hope you will excuſe*
*The wild Excurſion of the wanton Muſe;*
*Who out of Frolic wears a mimic Mask,*
*And ſets herſelf ſo whimſical a Task:*
*'Tis meant to pleaſe; but, if it ſhould offend,*
*It's very ſhort, and ſoon will have an End.*

# Dramatis Personæ.

Chrononhotonthologos, *King of* Queerummania.
Bombardinian, *his General.*
Aldiborontiphoscophornio, } *Courtiers.*
Rigdum-Funnidos, }
*Captain of the Guards.*
*Herald.*
*Cook.*
*Doctor.*
*King of the Fidlers.*
*King of the* Antipodes.

Fadladinida, *Queen of* Queerummania.
Tatlanthe, *her Favourite.*
*Two Ladies of the Court.*
*Two Ladies of Pleasure.*
Venus.
Cupid.
*Guards and Attendants*, &c.

SCENE *Queerummania.*

THE

# THE TRAGEDY OF *Chrononhotonthologos.*

## SCENE,

*An Anti-Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter* Rigdum-Funnidos *and* Aldiborontiphoſcophornio.

*Rig-Fun.* *Ldiborontiphoſcophornio!* Where left you *Chrononhotonthologos?*

*Aldi.* Fatigu'd with the tremendous Toils of War,
Within his Tent, on downy Couch ſuccumbent,
Himſelf

Himſelf he unfatigues with gentle Slumbers:
Lull'd by the chearful Trumpets gladſom Clangor,
The Noiſe of Drums, and Thunder of Artillery,
He ſleeps ſupine amidſt the Din of War:
And yet 'tis not definitively Sleep;
Rather a kind of Doze, a waking Slumber,
That ſheds a Stupefaction o'er his Senſes:
For now he nods and ſnores; anon he ſtarts;
Then nods and ſnores again: If this be Sleep,
Tell me, ye Gods! what mortal Man's awake!
What ſays my Friend to this?

*Rig. Fun.*——Say! I ſay he ſleeps Dog-Sleep:
What a Plague wou'd you have me ſay?

*Aldi.* O impious Thought! O curs'd Inſinuation!
As if great *Chrononhotonthologos*
To Animals deteſtable and vile
Had aught the leaſt Similitude!

*Rig.* My dear Friend! you entirely miſapprehend me: I did not call the King Dog by Craft; I was only going to tell you that the Soldiers have juſt now receiv'd their Pay, and are all as drunk as ſo many Swabbers.

*Aldi.* Give Orders inſtantly that no more Money
Be iſſued to the Troops: Mean time, my Friend,
Let

Let the Baths be fill'd with Seas of Coffee,
To ſtupefy their Souls into Sobriety.

*Rig.* I fancy you had better baniſh the Sutlers, and blow the *Genevo* Caſks to the Devil.

*Aldi.* Thou counſel'ſt well, my *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
And Reaſon ſeems to father thy Advice:
But, ſoft!—The King in penſive Contemplation
Seems to reſolve on ſome important Doubt;
His Soul, too copious for his Earthly Fabrick,
Starts forth, ſpontaneous, in Soliloquy,
And makes his Tongue the Midwife of his Mind.
Let us retire, leſt we diſturb his Solitude.

[*They retire.*

*Enter King.*

*King.* This God of Sleep is watchful to torment me,
And Reſt is grown a Stranger to my Eyes:
Sport not with *Chrononhotonthologos*,
Thou idle Slumb'rer, thou deteſted *Somnus*:
For, if thou doſt, by all the waking Pow'rs
I'll tear thine Eye-Balls from their Leaden-Sockets,
And force thee to out-ſtare Eternity.

[*Exit in a Huff.*

*Re-enter.*

*Re-enter* Rigdum *and* Aldiboronti.

*Rig.*—The King is in a moſt curſed Paſſion! Pray who the Devil is this Mr. *Somnus* he's ſo angry withal?

*Aldi.* The Son of *Chaos* and of *Erebus*,
Inceſtuous Pair! Brother of *Mors* relentleſs,
Whoſe ſpeckled Robe, and Wings of blackeſt Hue,
Aſtoniſh all Mankind with hideous Glare;
Himſelf with ſable Plumes, to Men benevolent,
Brings downy Slumbers and refreſhing Sleep.

*Rig. Fun.* This Gentleman may come of a very good Family, for aught I know; but I would not be in his Place for the World.

*Aldi.* But, lo! the King his Footſteps this Way bending,
His cogitative Faculties immers'd
In Cogibundity of Cogitation:
Let Silence cloſe our Folding-Doors of Speech,
'Till apt Attention tell our Heart the Purport
Of this profound Profundity of Thought.

*Re-enter King, Nobles, and Attendants,* &c.

*King.*——It is reſolv'd——Now, *Somnus*, I defy thee,
And from Mankind ampute thy curs'd Dominion.

Theſe Royal Eyes thou never more ſhalt cloſe.
Henceforth let no Man ſleep, on Pain of Death:
Inſtead of Sleep, let pompous Pageantry
Keep all Mankind eternally awake.
Bid *Harlequino* decorate the Stage
With all Magnificence of Decoration:
Giants and Gianteſſes, Dwarfs and Pigmies,
Songs, Dances, Muſic in its ampleſt Order,
Mimes, Pantomimes, and all the mimic Motion
Of Scene *Deceptiviſive* and Sublime.

[*The flat Scene draws.*

*The King is ſeated, and a grand Pantomime Entertainment is performed, in the Midſt of which enters a Captain of the Guard.*

*Capt.* To Arms! to Arms! great *Chrononhotonthologos!*
Th' Antipodean Pow'rs, from Realms below,
Have burſt the ſolid Entrails of the Earth;
Guſhing ſuch Cataracts of Forces forth,
This World is too incopious to contain 'em:
Armies on Armies march in Form ſtupendous;
Not like our Earthly Regions, Rank by Rank,
But Teer o'er Teer, high pil'd from Earth to Heaven;

A blazing Bullet, bigger than the Sun,
Shot from a huge and monſtrous Culverin,
Has laid your Royal Citadel in Aſhes.

*King.* Peace, Coward! were they wedg'd like golden Ingots,
Or pent ſo cloſe, as to admit no *Vacuum*;
One Look from *Chrononhotonthologos*
Shall ſcare them into Nothing. *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Bid *Bombardinian* draw his Legions forth,
And meet us in the Plains of *Queerummania*.
This very now ourſelves ſhall there conjoin him:
Mean time, bid all the Prieſts prepare their Temples
For Rites of Triumph: Let the ſinging Singers,
With vocal Voices, moſt vociferous,
In ſweet Vociferation, out-vociferize
Ev'n Sound itſelf. So be it as we have order'd.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE,

## SCENE,

### *A magnificent Apartment.*

*Enter* Queen, Tatlanthe, *and two Ladies.*

*Queen.* DAY's Curtain's drawn, the Morn begins to riſe,
And waking Nature rubs her ſleepy Eyes:
The pretty little fleecy bleating Flocks
In Baa's harmonious warble thro' the Rocks:
Night gathers up her Shades in ſable Shrouds,
And whiſp'ring Oziers tattle to the Clouds.
What think you, Ladies, if an hour we kill,
At Baſſet, Ombre, Picquet, or Quadrille?

*Tat.*—Your Majeſty was pleas'd to order Tea.

*Queen.*———My Mind is alter'd; bring ſome Ratifia,

[*They are ſerv'd round with a Dram.*

I have a famous Fidler ſent from *France.*
Bid him come in. What think ye of a Dance?

*Enter Fidler.*

*Fid.*——Thus to your Majeſty, ſays the ſuppliant Muſe,
Wou'd you a SOLO or SONATA chuſe;

Or bold *Concerto* or ſoft *Sicilinia*,
Alla *Franceſe* overo in *Guſto Romano*?
When you command, 'tis done as ſoon as ſpoke.

*Queen.* A civil Fellow!—— play us the *Black Joak.*

[*Muſick plays.*

(*Queen and Ladies dance the* Black Joak.

So much for Dancing; now let's reſt a while.
Bring in the Tea-things, does the Kettle boil?

*Tat.*—The Water bubbles, and the Tea-Cups ſkip,
Through eager Hope to kiſs your Royal Lip.

(*Tea brought in.*

*Queen.*——Come, Ladies, will you pleaſe to chuſe your Tea;
Or Green Imperial, or *Pekoe* Bohea?

1*ſt Lady.*——Never, no, never ſure on Earth was ſeen,
So gracious, ſweet, and affable a Queen.

2*d Lady.*——She is an Angel.

1*ſt Lady.*————She's a Goddeſs rather.

*Tat.* She's Angel, Queen, and Goddeſs, altogether.

*Queen.*——Away! you flatter me.

1*ſt Lady.*

*1st Lady.*——We don't indeed:
Your Merit does our Praiſe by far exceed.

*Queen.*——You make me Bluſh: Pray help me to a Fan.

*1st Lady.* That Bluſh becomes you.——

*Tat.*——Wou'd I were a Man.

*Queen.* I'll hear no more of theſe fantaſtic Airs.

[*Bell rings.*

The Bell rings in: Come, Ladies, let's to Pray'rs.

[*They dance off.*

SCENE,

## SCENE,

*An Anti-Chamber.*

*Enter* Rigdum-Funnidos *and* Aldiborontiphoſcophornio.

*Rig.* 'EGAD, we're in the wrong Box! Who the Devil wou'd have thought that *Chrononhotonthologos* ſhou'd be at that mortal Sight of *Tippodeans?* Why, there's not a Mother's Child of them to be ſeen 'egad, they footed it away as faſt as their Hands could carry 'em; but they have left their King behind 'em. We have him ſafe, that's one Comfort.

*Aldi.*——Wou'd he were ſtill at ampleſt Liberty!
For, Oh! my deareſt *Rigdum-Funnidos,*
I have a Riddle to unriddle to thee,
Shall make thee ſtare thyſelf into a Statue.
Our Queen's in Love with this *Antipodean.*

*Rigdum.* The Devil ſhe is? Well, I ſee Miſchief is going forward with a Vengeance.

*Aldi.* But,-lo! the Conq'ror comes all crown'd with Conqueſt!
A ſolemn Triumph graces his Return.

Let's graſp the Forelock of this apt Occaſion,
To greet the Victor, in his Flow of Glory.

*A Grand Triumph.*

*Enter* Chrononhotonthologos, *Guards and Attendants*, &c. *met by* Rigdum-Funnidos *and* Aldiborontiphoſcophornio.

*Aldi.*——All hail to *Chrononhotonthologos!*
Thrice trebly welcome to your loyal Subjects.
Myſelf and faithful *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Loſt in a Labyrinth of Love and Loyalty,
Intreat you to inſpect our inmoſt Souls,
And read in them what Tongue can never utter.

*Chro.*——*Aldiborontiphoſcophornio*,
To thee, and gentle *Rigdum-Funnidos*,
Our Gratulations flow in Streams unbounded:
Our Bounty's Debtor to your Loyalty,
Which ſhall with Int'reſt be repaid e're long.
But where's our Queen! where's *Fadladinida!*
She ſhould be foremoſt in this gladſome Train,
To grace our Triumph; but I ſee ſhe ſlights me.
This haughty Queen ſhall be no longer mine,
I'll have a ſweet and gentle Concubine.

*Rig.*—Now, my dear little *Phoſcophorny*, for a ſwinging Lye to bring the Queen off, and I'll run with

with it to her this Minute, that we may all be in a Stay. Say ſhe has got the Thorough-go-Nimble.

[*Whiſpers and Steals off.*

*Aldi.* —— Speak not, great *Chrononhotonthologos*,
In accents ſo injurioufly ſevere
Of *Fadladinida*, your faithful Queen:
By me ſhe ſends an Embaſſy of Love,
Sweet Blandiſhments and kind Congratulations,
But, cannot, Oh! ſhe cannot, come herſelf.

*King.* ——Our Rage is turn'd to Fear: What ails the Queen?

*Aldi.* A ſudden *Diarrhœa*'s rapid Force
So ſtimulates the Periſtaltic Motion,
That ſhe by far out-does her late Out-doing,
And all conclude her Royal Life in Danger.

*King.* Bid the Phyſicians of the World aſſemble
In Conſultation, ſolemn and ſedate:
More to corroborate their ſage Reſolves,
Call from their Graves the learned Men of Old:
*Galen*, *Hippocrates*, and *Paracelſus*;
Doctors, Apothecaries, Surgeons, Chymiſts,

All!

All! all! attend; and see they bring their Med'cines.
Whole Magazines of galli-potted Nostrums,
Materializ'd in *Pharmaceutic* Order.
The Man that cures our Queen shall have our Empire.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

C SCENE,

## SCENE,

*A Garden.*

*Enter* Tatlanthe *and* Queen.

*Queen.* HEIGH ho! my Heart!

*Tat.*——What ails my gracious Queen?

*Queen.* O would to *Venus* I had never ſeen!

*Tat.* Seen what, my Royal Miſtreſs?

*Queen.*——— Too, too much!

*Tat.* Did it affright you?

*Queen.*——— No, 'tis nothing ſuch.

*Tat.* What was it, Madam?

*Queen.*——— Really I don't know.

*Tat.* It muſt be ſomething!

*Queen.*——— No!

*Tat.* Or nothing!

*Queen.*——— No.

*Tat.* Then I conclude of courſe, ſince it was Neither,
Nothing, and Something jumbled well together.

*Queen.* Oh! my *Tatlanthe*, have you never ſeen!

*Tat.* Can I gueſs what, unleſs you tell, my Queen?

*Queen.*

*Queen.* The King I mean.

*Tat.*——— Juſt now return'd from War:
He rides like *Mars* in his Triumphal Car.
Conqueſt precedes with Laurels in his Hand;
Behind him *Fame* does on her Tripos ſtand;
Her golden Trump ſhrill thro' the Air ſhe ſounds,
Which rends the Earth, and thence to Heaven rebounds;
Trophies and Spoils innumerable grace
This Triumph, which all Triumphs does deface:
Haſte then, great Queen! your Hero thus to meet,
Who longs to lay his Laurels at your Feet.

*Queen.*——Art mad, *Tatlanthe?* I meant no ſuch Thing.
Your Talk's diſtaſteful.

*Tat.*———Didn't you name the King?

*Queen.* I did, *Tatlanthe*, but it was not thine;
The charming King I mean, is only mine.

*Tat.* Who elſe, who elſe, but ſuch a charming Fair,
In *Chrononhotonthologos* ſhould ſhare?
The Queen of Beauty, and the God of Arms,
In him and you united blend their Charms.
Oh! had you ſeen him, how he dealt out Death,
And at one Stroke robb'd Thouſands of their Breath:

While on the ſlaughter'd Heaps himſelf did riſe,
In Pyramids of Conqueſt to the Skies:
The Gods all hail'd, and fain would have him ſtay;
But your Bright Charms have call'd him thence away.

*Queen.* This does my utmoſt Indignation raiſe:
You are too pertly laviſh in his Praiſe.
Leave me for ever!

[Tatlanthe *Kneeling.*

*Tat.*——Oh! what ſhall I ſay?
Do not, great Queen, your Anger thus diſplay!
O frown me dead! let me not live to hear
My gracious Queen and Miſtreſs ſo ſevere!
I've made ſome horrible Miſtake, no doubt!
Oh! tell me what it is!

*Queen.*——No, find it out.

*Tat.* No, I will never leave you; here I'll grow
Till you ſome Token of Forgiveneſs ſhow:
Oh! all ye Pow'rs above, come down, come down!
And from her Brow diſpel that angry Frown.

*Queen. Tatlanthe*, riſe, you have prevail'd at laſt:
Offend no more, and I'll excuſe what's paſt.

[Tatlanthe *aſide, riſing.*

*Tat.* Why, what a Fool was I, not to perceive her Paſſion for the topſy-turvy King; the Gentle-

man that carries his Head where his Heels ſhould be? But I muſt tack about I ſee.

[*To the* Queen.

Excuſe me, gracious Madam! if my Heart,
Bears Sympathy with your's in ev'ry Part;
With you alike I ſorrow and rejoice,
Approve your Paſſion, and commend your Choice;
The Captive King——.

*Queen.*——That's he! that's he! that's he!
I'd die ten Thouſand Deaths to ſet him free:
Oh! my *Tatlanthe!* have you ſeen his Face,
His Air, his Shape, his Mien, his ev'ry Grace,
In what a charming Attitude he ſtands,
How prettily he foots it with his Hands!
Well, to his Arms, no, to his Legs I fly,
For I muſt have him, if I live or die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

## SCENE.

*A Bed-Chamber.*

Chrononhotonthologos *asleep.*

[*Rough Muſick*, viz. *Salt-Boxes* and *Rolling-Pins*, *Grid-Irons* and *Tongs*; *Sow-Gelders Horns*, *Marrow-Bones* and *Cleavers*, &c. &c.

[*He wakes.*

*Chro.* WHAT heav'nly Sounds are theſe that charm my Ears!
Sure 'tis the Muſick of the tuneful Spheres.

Enter *Captain of the Guards.*

*Cap.* A Meſſenger from Gen'ral *Bombardinian*,
Craves inſtance Audience of your Majeſty.
*Chro.* Give him Admittance,

Enter *Herald.*

*Her.* Long Life to *Chrononhotonthologos!*
Your faithful Gen'ral *Bombardinian*
Sends you his Tongue, tranſplanted in my Mouth,
To pour his Soul out in your Royal Ears.

*Chro.*

*Chro.* Then uſe thy Maſter's Tongue with Reverence,
Nor waſte it in thine own Loquacity,
But briefly and at large declare thy Meſſage.
*Her.* Suſpend a-while, great *Chrononhotonthologos*,
The Fate of Empires and the Toils of War;
And in my Tent let's quaff *Phalernian* Wine
Till our Souls mount and emulate the Gods.
Two Captive Females, beauteous as the Morn,
Submiſſive to your Wiſhes, court your Option.
Haſte then, great King, to bleſs us with your Preſence.
Our Scouts already watch the wiſh'd Approach,
Which ſhall be welcom'd by the Drums dread Rattle,
The Cannons Thunder, and the Trumpets Blaſt;
While I, in Front of mighty Myrmidons,
Receive my King in all the Pomp of War.
*Chro.* Tell him I come; my flying Steed prepare;
E're thou art half on Horſe-back I'll be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

## SCEENE.

### *A Priſon.*

*The King of the* Antipodes *diſcover'd aſleep on a Couch.*

Enter *Queen.*

*Queen.* IS this a Place, Oh! all ye Gods above!
This a Reception for the Man I love?
See in what ſweet Tranquillity he ſleeps,
While Nature's Self at his Confinement weeps.
Riſe, lovely Monarch! ſee your Friend appear,
No *Chrononhotonthologos* is here;
Command your Freedom, by this ſacred Ring;
Then command me: What ſays my charming King?

[*She puts the Ring in his Mouth, he bends the Sea-Crab, and makes a roaring Noiſe.*

*Queen.* What can this mean! he lays his Feet at mine,
Is this of Love or Hate his Country's Sign?
Ah! wretched Queen! how hapleſs is thy Lot,
To love a Man that underſtands thee not!
Oh! lovely *Venus*, Goddeſs all Divine!
And gentle *Cupid*, that ſweet Son of thine,
Aſſiſt, aſſiſt me, with your ſacred Art,
And teach me to obtain this Stranger's Heart.

Venus

Venus *deſcends in her Chariot, and ſings.*

A I R.

*Ven.* See *Venus* does attend thee,
*My Dilding, my Dolding,*
Love's Goddeſs will befriend thee,
*Lilly bright and ſhinee.*
With Pity and Compaſſion,
*My Dilding, my Dolding,*
She ſees thy tender Paſſion,
*Lilly, &c. Da Capo.*

*Air changes.*

To thee I yield my Pow'r divine,
*Dance over the Lady Lee.*
Demand whate'er thou wilt, 'tis thine,
*My gay Lady.*
Take this magic Wand in Hand,
*Dance, &c.*
All the World's at thy Command,
*My gay, &c. Da Capo.*

Cupid *deſcends and ſings.*

A I R.

Are you a Widow, or are you a Wife?
*Gilly Flow'r, gentle Roſemary.*
Or are you a Maiden, ſo fair and ſo bright?
*As the Dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.*

*Queen.* Would I were a Widow, as I am a Wife,
*Gilly Flow'r*, &c.
But I'm, to my Sorrow, a Maiden as bright,
*As the Dew*, &c.
*Cupid.* You ſhall be a Widow before it is Night,
*Gilly Flow'r*, &c.
No longer a Maiden ſo fair and ſo bright,
*As the Dew*, &c.
Two jolly young Huſbands your Perſon ſhall ſhare,
*Gilly Flow'r*, &c.
And twenty fine Babies all lovely and fair,
*As the Dew*, &c.
*Queen.* O Thanks, Mr. *Cupid!* for this your good News,
*Gilly Flow'r*, &c.
What Woman alive would ſuch Favours refuſe?
*While the Dew*, &c.

Venus *and* Cupid *re-aſcend*; *the Queen goes off, and the King of the* Antipodes *follows, walking on his Hands.*

[*Scene cloſes.*

SCENE,

## SCENE,

### Bombardinian's *Tent*.

King *and* Bombardinian, *at a Table, with two Ladies.*

*Bomb.* THIS Honour, Royal Sir! ſo Royalizes
The Royalty of your moſt Royal Actions,
The Dumb can only utter forth your Praiſe;
For we, who ſpeak, want Words to tell our Meaning.
Here! fill the Goblet with *Phalernian* Wine,
And, while our Monarch drinks bid the ſhrill Trumpet
Tell all the Gods, that we propine their Healths.

*King.* Hold, *Bombardinian*, I eſteem it fit,
With ſo much Wine, to eat a little Bit.

*Bomb.* See that the Table inſtantly be ſpread,
With all that Art and Nature can produce.
Traverſe from Pole to Pole; ſail round the Globe,
Bring every Eatable that can be eat;
The King ſhall eat, tho' all Mankind be ſtarv'd.

*Cook.* I am afraid his Majeſty will be ſtarv'd before I can run round the World, for a Dinner; beſides, where's the Money?

*Queen.* Would I were a Widow, as I am a Wife,
*Gilly Flow'r*, &c.
But I'm, to my Sorrow, a Maiden as bright,
*As the Dew*, &c.
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With ſo much Wine, to eat a little Bit.

*Bomb.* See that the Table inſtantly be ſpread,
With all that Art and Nature can produce.
Traverſe from Pole to Pole; ſail round the Globe,
Bring every Eatable that can be eat;
The King ſhall eat, tho' all Mankind be ſtarv'd.

*Cook.* I am afraid his Majeſty will be ſtarv'd before I can run round the World, for a Dinner; beſides, where's the Money?

*King.* Ha! doſt thou prattle, contumacious Slave?
Guards, ſeize the Villain, broil him, fry him,
ſtew him;
Ourſelves ſhall eat him out of mere Revenge.

*Cook.* O pray your Majeſty, ſpare my Life; there's ſome nice cold Pork in the Pantry: I'll haſh it for your Majeſty in a Minute.

*Chro.* Be thou firſt haſh'd in Hell, audacious Slave.

[*Kills him, and turns to* Bombardinian.

Haſh'd Pork! ſhall *Chrononhotonthologos*
Be fed with Swine's Fleſh, and at Second-hand?
Now, by the Gods! thou doſt inſult us, General!

*Bomb.* The Gods can witneſs, that I little thought
Your Majeſty to other Fleſh than this
Had aught the leaſt Propenſity.

[*Points to the Ladies.*

*King.* Is this a Dinner for a hungry Monarch?

*Bomb.* Monarchs as great as *Chrononhotonthologos*,
Have made a very hearty Meal of worſe.

*King.* Ha! Traitor! doſt thou brave me to my Teeth?
Take this Reward, and learn to mock thy Maſter.

[*Strikes him.*

*Bom.* A Blow! ſhall *Bombardinian* take a Blow?
Bluſh!

Bluſh! Bluſh, thou Sun! Start back, thou rapid
Occean!
Hills! Vales! Seas! Mountains! all commixing
crumble,
And into *Chaos* pulverize the World;
For *Bombardinian* has receiv'd a Blow,
And *Chrononhotonthologos* ſhall die. [*Draws.*

[*The Women run off, crying, Help! Murder, &c.*

*King.* What means the Traitor?

*Bomb.*——Traitor, in thy Teeth
Thus I defy thee!

[*They fight,*——*he kills the King.*

——Ha! What have I done?
Go, call a Coach, and let a Coach be call'd;
And let the Man that calls it be the Caller;
And, in his Calling, let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! Oh! for a Coach,
ye Gods!

[*Exit Raving.*

*Returns with a Doctor.*

*Bomb.* How fares your Majeſty?

*Doct.*——My Lord, he's dead.

*Bomb.* Ha! Dead! impoſſible! it cannot be!
I'd not believe it, tho' himſelf ſhould ſwear it.
Go join his Body to his Soul again,

Or,

Or, by this Light, thy Soul ſhall quit thy Body.

*Doct.* My Lord, he's far beyond the Power of Phyſic,
His Soul has left his Body and this World.

*Bomb.* Then go to t'other World and fetch it back.

[*Kills him.*

And, if I find thou trifleſt with me there,
I'll chace thy Shade through Myriads of Orbs,
And drive thee far beyond the Verge of Nature.
Ha!——Call'ſt thou, *Chrononhotonthologos?*
I come! your faithful *Bombardinian* comes!
He comes in Worlds unknown to make new Wars,
And gain thee Empires num'rous as the Stars.

[*Kills himſelf.*

*Enter Queen and others.*

*Aldi.* O horrid! horrible, and horrideſt Horror!
Our King! our General! our Cook! our Doctor!
All dead! Stone dead! irrevocably dead!
O——h!—— [*All Groan, a Tragedy Groan.*

*Queen.* My Huſband dead! Ye Gods! what is't you mean,
To make a Widow of a Virgin Queen?
For, to my great Misfortune, he, poor King,
Has left me ſo; i'n't that a wretched Thing?

*Tat.*

*Tat.* Why then, dear Madam! make no farther Pother,
Were I your Majesty, I'd try another.
*Queen.* I think 'tis best to follow thy Advice.
*Tat.* I'll fit you with a Husband in a Trice:
Here's *Rignum-Funnidos*, a proper Man;
If any one can please a Queen, he can.
*Rig-Fun.* Ay, that I can, and please your Majesty.
So Ceremonies apart, let's proceed to Business.
*Queen.* Oh! but the Mourning takes up all my Care,
I'm at a Loss what kind of Weeds to wear.
*Rig-Fun.* Never talk of Mourning, Madam,
One Ounce of Mirth is worth a Pound of Sorrow,
Let's bed To-night, and then we'll wed To-morrow.
I'll make thee a great Man, my little *Phosphoray*.
[*To* Aldi. *aside.*
*Aldi.* I scorn your Bounty, I'll be King, or nothing.
Draw, Miscreant! Draw!
*Rig.*——No, Sir, I'll take the Law.
[*Runs behind the Queen.*
*Queen.* Well, Gentlemen, to make the Matter easy,
I'll have you both; and that, I hope, will please ye.
And now, *Tatlanthe*, thou art all my Care:
Where shall I find Thee such another Pair?

Pay that you
Shou'd die a Virgin, and lead Apes in Hell.
Chooſe for yourſelf, dear Girl, your Empire round,
Your Portion is Twelve Hundred Thouſand Pound.
*Aldi.* Here! take theſe dead and bloody Corpſe away;
Make Preparation for our Wedding-Day.
Inſtead of ſad Solemnity, and Black,
Our Hearts ſhall ſwim in Claret, and in Sack.

[redacted]

FINIS.